Numb. 20.

The Female Tatler.

By *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

Sum Canna Vocalis.

From **Friday** Auguſt 19, to **Monday** Auguſt 22, 1709.

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends to excuſe the Lazineſs of the Perſon who was employ'd about her Picture, he having faithfully promiſed to finiſh it againſt* Wedneſday *next.*

'TIS almoſt incredible, that Ladies at ſo Publick a Place as *Hampſtead*, ſhou'd be ſo far diſtreſs'd for Lovers, as to aſſociate with a ſet of Animals, whoſe Clay, Nature was at a loſs how to Form; 'tis true, at firſt, ſhe deſign'd 'em Men, but the Compoſition prov'd ſo ſtubborn, that ſhe left 'em unfiniſh'd to Affectation, who has ſent 'em into the World Monſters. Amongſt an infinite of theſe baiting Inſects that flutter about a fine Lady, like Moths about a Candle, is *Jack Medly-brain*, an unhewn, unproportioned, diſtaſtful Wretch, who by downright *Iriſh* aſſurance, forces himſelf ev'ry where among the Fair Sex, when he ought to be their eternal Averſion; were he handſome, had he Wit, cou'd he Dance, had he a Voice, were he but barely Complaiſant, had he but one tolerable Quality, the Ladies might have a Pretence to receive him? but when he's the Reverſe of ev'ry thing that's tunable, and has ſomething diſagreeable in him to ev'ry Senſe, he merits general Contempt, and yet this *Medly-brain* has for ſeveral years paſt, edg'd himſelf into moſt topping Families about *Hampſtead* and *Highgate*; is frankly treated every where, thinks himſelf at home ev'ry where, and the moſt ſubſtantial Reaſon Sir *William*, Mr *Sackenbottom*, and others, can give for admitting him, is, that his Viſits are Cuſtomary, and they have known him a great while; he was formerly a ſeeming Tradeſman in *Cheapſide*, had a ſhop for Buſineſs, but his Roving Temper cou'd not confine him to the narrow Limits of a Shop; he put on a Sword, jumpt from behind the Counter into the Side-Box, and comenc'd Gameſter: But tho Men of Eſtates ſuffer themſelves to be bubbl'd by Sharpers, there muſt be Mein, and Air, Wit, Breeding, and a faſhionable Appearance to engage 'em; *Medly-brain* they view'd at diſtance; at *Will*'s they thought him a ſight, at *White*'s they danc'd round him, and the Town unanimouſly laugh'd him back into the City: But as Men of his Country are not eaſily put out of Countenance, he thought himſelf ſufficiently reveng'd in laughing at the Town again, and went upon new Projects; his *Iriſh* Policy inform'd him, that ſeveral Deputies, Church-Wardens, and Overſeers for the Poor, have an uncommon Affection for *Whisk*, they have an utter abhorrence for Gaming in young Fellows, and their Prentices are often ſuſpected to run out their Caſh; yet they'll ſneak into a Tavern, ſit eight Hours as religiouſly at Cards, as if they were upon a Committee at the Veſtry, and loſe 20 Guineas each at that Ingenious Game.——Why *Jack Medly-brain*, ſays one, thou'rt a meer Dabb, and play'ſt o' *Sunday*'? But when *Jack* purpoſely loſes a ſingle Guinea, have we caught you, *Jack*? You play with Men of our Eſtates, *Jack*? Why, we ſhall ruine you; thou'lt want a Meal's Meat, *Jack*. At other times he ingages with their Wives, get's 'em into deep Play, which is the firſt Step to all manner of Vice, and whatever Favours he is pleaſed to extort from them, repays 'em with their own Money. At preſent he's the *Ganymede* of *Hampſtead*, Maſter of the Ceremonies, or rather Buffoon of the *Wells*; and ſome leading Ladies having Countenanc'd him, the multitude pay him a blind Reſpect. 'Tis ſaid, amongſt the reſt, three youthful, gay fluttering Nymphs, have receiv'd him into their particular good Graces, permit his private Viſits, ſupply his Deficiencies, and ſo looſely Coquet with him in Publick, that the Tea-Tables are in an Uproar, and ſeveral Old Ladies have left the Place for fear of their Reputations.

Lady *Liſp-well*, the chief of theſe Three, who has a roguiſh Eye, a winning Pout, a faſhionable Waddle, and a thouſand pretty taking Affectations, is ſo entirely fond of him, that ſhe has left her Family to dance after him; ſhe thinks him a fine Gentleman, becauſe ſhe never ſaw a fine Gentleman, as Children admire ſmall things, wanting an Idea of greater; and as Men worldly Pageantry, having no Notion of Things Divine; and ſhe wou'd as much lament his Abſence, as her Aunt does the pretty Fellow that's lately gone to *New-York*; her Ladyſhip is ſuch an Upſtart in Publick, and from the moſt reſerv'd, preciſe, cenſorious Creature, become the moſt Airy and Unaccountoble, that People begin to ſuſpect the Regularity of her Brain: She's dreſs'd, ſhe's flown, gives Airs, Games, Converſes. ——*My Father's dead, my Husband's a great Fool, Virtue's an Aſs, and a Gallant's worth Forty on't.* The good Sir *Lionel*, her Spouſe, whom ev'ry body ſpeaks well of, and wou'd he not load his Perriwig with ſo much Powder, is as compleat in his Perſon, as his Underſtanding, has with loweſt Matrimonial Submiſſion, intreated her return to her Children; but her Ladyſhip has her Health no where but at *Hampſtead*; he ſupplies her with Money; ſhe wants more, has it, and 'tis gone; Sir *Leonel* grows Melancholy upon the matter, ſends Mr. *Cant*, Mr. *Drawl*, and Mr. *Spintext* to her; the upright Brethren move directly forward in the Work of Reformation, they admoniſh, they are Zealous, their Spirit is provok'd, they are very noiſy, Lady *Lipſwell* calls for Cards,——they are abominable, Dice are Damnable, a Bottle of Sack ſomewhat abates their fury, and when *Medly-brain* offers 'em a Wench, they are,—— *I don't know how*; but the Place being too Publick for Religious Fornicators, they ſhake their Heads at ſuch Prophane Doings, and return ſighing at their unprofitable Journey.——What's to be done,—— Nothing,——when a Lady after Ten Years Marriage, and prudent Behaviour, ſhall make ridiculous Excurſions, ſhe is almoſt irreclaimable, eſpecially when Enthuſiaſts are ſent to teaſe her, whoſe rigid Rules have from her Birth confin'd her reaſonable Inclinations, which Company have given her a Senſe above, and the Town a taſte of Diverſions: However, as *Medly-brain* is an Antidote, the World malicious, and Women ſometimes whimſical without deſign, Charity wou'd ſtill hope ſhe has preſerv'd her Virtue, and when ſhe has had her ſwing, that ſhe'll return to her Obedience

Mrs.

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *finding her ſelf diſingenuouſly treated by the firſt Printer of this Paper, thought ſhe might take the ſame Liberty of removing it, as a Gentleman that is Trickt does his Taylor or Perriwig-maker; but ſuch is the Probity of Pyracing Printers, that Authors can't Command ev'n their Names and Titles, and this Fellow has ſet up ſome pitiful Scoundrel, whoſe Principles are as wretched as his Circumſtances, to impoſe upon the Town a ſham Paper, upon another Perſon's Foundation, and talks of Ladies Drawing-Rooms, who was never yet admitted into tolerable Company: But as the Ladies gave the firſt Reputation to this Paper, 'tis hoped they'll ſo warmly eſpouſe it, as to have a juſt Abhorrence for ſuch baſe Proceedings, who are the only Court of Judicature, to be applyed to, in this matter. As they have hitherto found nothing rude, to affront 'em in Publick, or immodeſt to ſhock them in Private, their Protection may be the more reaſonably expected in oppoſition to the other, which at its abortive appearance in the World, has entertained 'em with an odious filthy Story of Mr* Crackenthorpe's *Man* Francis.——Francis *is ſo angry, he intends to indict 'em for Scandal, to make a Thief, a Renegado, and a Beaſtly Fellow of him, when his Miſtreſs has intruſted him with untold Gold; never lay out a Night without leave; and his Modeſty is ſo Univerſally known, that he never had the aſſurance to Salute a Woman in his Life. As for preſſing him Aboard the* Scroundrel Galley,——*Contemptible Wretches! 'tis well known he is a Freeholder, has Ten Pounds a Year in* Cumberland, *and gives his Vote for Sir* Tunbelly Clumſy.

Note, *'Tis to be further obſerv'd, that they gave ſo imperfect an Account of Mr.* Affable, *knowing nothing of the Man, that Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *is quite aſham'd on't.*

Lady Circumference *at* Epſom, *who is a mighty Merry, unaffected, hoighty-toighty Creature, always at Roly Poly, or the Play, is deſired not to ſtroddle quite ſo much, or Laugh quite ſo loud; People ſpeak very well of her, but ſeveral* Thames-ſtreet *Ladies are a little angry, that ſhe pretends to lead the Multitude where ſhe pleaſes: If ſhe'd but give them leave to be a little taken notice of, they'd no more envy her Attractions, than they do her Bulk.*

Mrs. Clack *at* Goſſips-Hall *near* Ludgate, *who is continually prying into her Neighbours Affairs, and buzzing groundleſs Suſpicions in every Husband's Ear, and ſuſpecting every Woman's Chaſtity, is deſired to turn her Opticks within herſelf, and particularly, not to be ſo publickly familiar with* Will. Whitebread *the B——r, and when ſhe has taken Care to ſtifle her own Shame, ſhe may be as imperiouſly Virtuous as ſhe pleaſes.*

'Mrs. *Crackenthorpe* wants a ſtrong *Yorkſhire* Fellow, 'that has none of his Country Tricks, and able to 'go thro' all manner of Buſineſs, to live with her Bro'ther, *Copperthwaite* in the Country; he muſt be 'Coachman, Groom, Butler, Gardiner, *Valet de Cham'bre*, go to Plow, and play Country Dances upon 'the Fiddle. If any ſuch Fellow is willing to ſerve 'for Three Pounds Ten a Year, and a Courſe Grey 'Livery, he may walk down to *Pains-taking Hall*, 'Seventeen Miles beyond *Weſt-Cheſter*, and live there 'till he has work'd out an Eſtate in the Family.

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to inſert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-Lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** The Hiſtory of the Campaign in Flanders, for the Year 1708. Containing a faithful and exact Account of all the moſt material Actions, &c. with ſome Original Papers never before made publick. To which is prefix'd a Map of Lille, and the adjacent Countries. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane, price 1 s. Where may be had a brief Account of the VVoollen Manufactory of England, with relation to the prejudice it receives by the Clandeſtine Importation of Wooll from Ireland and France. Both ſold by moſt Bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, price 1 s.

Juſt publiſhed

*** The Hiſtory of the Imperial and Royal Families of Auſtria and Bourbon, traced down from their Original to this preſent time. With an Account of their Riſe, Advancement and Decay; their Differences, Wars and Quarrels; their Treaties, Alliances and Marriages; all the Conſiderable Incidents and Alterations that have happen'd to either: With a View of the preſent State of their Controverſies and Affairs; and of their ſeveral Pretentions to the Crown of Spain. By an Impartial Hand. Printed for Iſaac Cleave next Serjeants Inn Gate in Chancery-Lane.

Juſt publiſhed, the 2d Edition with Editions of,

†‡† A Perſwaſive to Moderation and Forbearance in Love, among the Divided Forms of Chriſtians. By that late moſt Pious and Eminent Divine, Mr. Jeremiah VVhite. late Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge. The 2d Edition, To which is added, his Particulars for our Converſe with Men, &c. Printed for Nath. Cliff at the Golden Candleſtick in the Poultry, and Arthur Collins at the Black Boy in Fleet-ſtreet. Price 2 s.

Juſt publiſhed,

‡†‡ A Pindarick ODE on His Excellency John Duke of Marlborough, Prince of the Holy Empire, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Marlborough, &c. with a View of the 3 laſt Glorious and Memorable Campaigns. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, Price Six Pence.

ENgliſh Pills for the Scurvy, the beſt Purging and purifying Medicine for the Blood in the VVorld; they carry off all ſharp Salt Humours, take away Scabs, Blotches, Boyles, Leproſies, and all other Scorbutick Eruptions of the Skin, eaſe Pains, carry off the Cauſe of Wind Cholick, Gripings, Stitches, Hiccups, foul Stuffings, Purſineſs, Wheezings, &c. making the Body chearful, lightſome and eaſy. Is ſold for 3 s. 6 d. the Box, at the Golden Ball in Wine Office Court in Fleet-ſtreet.

THe moſt Soveraign Strengthening Plaiſter for all weak or pained Limbs or Joynts, whether from Sprains, Bruiſes, Wrenches, Fractures, Diſlocations, Rheumatiſms, Gouts, or any other Cauſe: It is different from all Plaiſters ever known, and gives Eaſe and Strength beyond any thing ever uſed; ſuch as have been Cripples for many years, have been ſoon able to Walk upon applyinging it, ſo as Gouty and Rheumatick People, who after the Fit has been off, to remove the Weakneſs it commonly leaves on the Limbs and Joints, apply this Plaiſter, which Comforts, Nouriſhes and Strengthens to admiration, doing more in a Day than all other Plaiſters, Oils or Oinments will in a Month, as thoſe that try will find. Sold for 3 s. 6 d. the Gallipot, (to be ſpread and applied as directed) at the Golden Ball, in Wine-Office Court in Fleet-ſtreet.

D. Broughton's Spirit of SAGE; it Infallibly purges and ſweetens the Blood, its ſingular good for the Brain and dizzineſs in the Head, it creates a good Appetite, and takes away Stiches in the Side, &c. gives preſent eaſe to the Wind-Cholick, in Women it ſtays Abortion, and creates Fruitfulneſs to an extraordinary degree; 'tis particularly uſeful at Sea. Sold at Mrs Croom's Bookſeller, the Royal Exchange; Mr Steven's Toyſhop, under St Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; Mrs Bonn's Bookſeller at Charing Croſs; Mr Kequicks, in Weſtminſter hall; Mrs Palmer Milliner at St Giles's Church; Mrs Freeman Milliner, near the Hermitage Bridge Wapin; Mrs Fofters Toyſhop in St Bartholomews Hoſpital; Mrs Mayſon Chandler, in Mare-ſtreet Hackney, at Mr Harriſons Barber, againſt the Queen's Bench Southwark, and Mr Meal, Glover at Ludgate; where alſo is to be had, his much approved Spirit of Ground-Ivy, at 1 s. each Bottle. Sealed with a Lyon Rampant in Black Wax, with Directions.

Sold by *A. Baldwin* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick Lane.*